

The Meredith Weekly News.

Devoted to the Interests of Meredith and Vicinity, and the Welfare of the Community in General.

VOL. I. NO. XLVI.

MEREDITH, N. H., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE MEREDITH WEEKLY NEWS.

An Independent Paper.

GEO. F. SANBORN, Publisher and Proprietor.

Post Office Square, Meredith, N. H.

75 Cts. per Year. Three Months 30 Cts.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Meredith Village, N. H.

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Prescott's Block.

Meredith, N. H.

Letter from Lawrence.

LAWRENCE Mass., May 26, 1881.

Editor MEREDITH NEWS:—Through the efforts of one of your worthy "citizens," a noted criminal of this city has come to grief, and at the next term of the Superior Court, will get his just deserts. It happened in the following manner. In 1870 Mr. D. M. Ayer of Methuen, Mass., the proprietor of the well-known Stonewall Milk Farm, had a foreman named Tristram Lavelle at work for him. He was considered a good workman, driving the milk wagon and collecting bills of his customers for milk. One day he collected nearly \$200 (Mr. Ayer does not know the exact amount,) and leaving his team, absconded for parts unknown. Our police were notified at the time, but nothing was ever heard of him, until some two weeks ago, your correspondent received a letter from one of your citizens giving information where this same Lavelle could be found. The letter was handed to our City Marshal, and after further correspondence with the informant at Meredith, District Officer Batchelder was sent to Centre Harbor where he found Lavelle at work on a railroad near by, under the name of Pike Perkins. When Lavelle saw Batch. (as we call him,) he knew his game was up, and accompanied him to this city under arrest. He was brought before our Police Court the next morning and pleaded not guilty to the charge of embezzlement. He was held in \$500 bonds, and not being able to furnish bail, he went to jail.

consequent carrying of the load to its destined end. But what a pity that want of ability is, and how many lives are wrecked by it!

ONE PECULIARITY OF LOVE.

At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and, perhaps, it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in the work of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there cannot be the slightest doubt. For see what it will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiredness and familiarity. When you are with a person loved, you have no sense of being bored. This humble and trivial circumstance is the only sure and abiding test of love. With the persons you do not love you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love, the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of heavenly bodies one to another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of their power.

AGRICULTURAL.

WHAT IS A THOROUGHBRED?

What we call the thoroughbred horse was created in England by the importation of mares and stallions from Arabia and Barbary, and by the judicious commingling of the foreign with the native blood. Through the contests of the turf and the right kind of crossing, the horses were gradually elevated to a high standard of excellence, and these improved horses were then recognized as the progenitors of an artistic race. Equine heraldry has been made a science, and the birth and pedigree of each horse of high breeding has been preserved in the "Stud Book." Usage has decreed that an animal which can show an uncontaminated pedigree for five generations shall be classed as a thoroughbred; that is, no drop of cold or coarse blood must appear in his veins, the origin of which cannot be found behind five successive periods of production. Five removes from a common parentage refine the blood and make it aristocratic.

COARSE AND FINE FLOUR.

The London *Dietetic Reformer* shows by scientific data, that wheat meal, which is cheaper than bolted meal or fine flour, contains one third more nutriment than flour does from whole wheat and bran has better packages, less heat, fewer germs, and is more easily digested than flour.

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John Smith, Jr., No. 4 State St., Boston; T. H. Jameson, of Concord; Capt. J. E. Locke, of Centre Harbor; and C. H. Mason, of Moultonboro, are authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper.

Entered at Meredith, N. H., as Second Class Matter,

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, MASS., May 30, 1881.

To-day is as warm as preceding Decoration Days have been for a number of years. Were it not for the light breeze which has been stirring all day the heat would be unbearable. The Grand Army Boys, who are "marching on" from one cemetery to another, look warm and tired. The beautiful custom of decorating the graves of dead comrades is more fully observed this year than it has been for a number of years. The solemnity of the occasion seems to have impressed many who hitherto have regarded Decoration Day as a time for fun and jollity. In his proclamation, Gov. Long requested that all churches should have memorial services yesterday, and most churches complied to his request. Thus, the brave men who gave their lives for their country are not forgotten.

Summer has come upon us with a rush, and to all appearances, with an intention to remain. The Spring has been as fickle and uncertain as April herself could be in her most capricious mood, but now we seem to be having something more settled and steady.

A Paris journal tells of a fashion for ladies, which has lately made its appearance, called "false ears." They are clever imitations, and ladies, who are conscious of the fact that their ears are not beautiful, can purchase a pair of the

Memorial Day.

Monday last, the day set apart by a proclamation by the Governor, on which to decorate the graves of our fallen heroes, was duly observed in Meredith, by Geo. S. Cram Post, No. 54, G. A. R. The day dawned as beautiful as one could wish, and in the morning delegates from the Post visited the several cemeteries outside the village. At about two o'clock P. M., the Post, escorted by Wamesit Engine Co. No. 3, headed by the Mechanics Band, and accompanied by the Ladies' Relief Corps, Board of Education and others, repaired to the cemetery to the slow step of the solemn dirge. Much to the detriment of the exercises at the graves, we were visited by far the heaviest thunder storm of the season, but the soldiers, always true to duty, faced the storm as in days gone by, and performed the entire ceremony to the very letter. This sad duty having been performed, the procession paraded the principal streets, after which they proceeded to the Hall, where an excellent oration was delivered by Department Commander, M. A. Haynes, who spoke for about an hour in a feeling and impressive manner. The next in order was a bountiful collation at the Grand Army Hall, to which the Band, Fire Company and others were invited. The Camp-Fire in the evening was very well attended, the exercises consisting of Army Scenes, Camp Life etc., which, accompanied with music by the band, was very interesting. Ice cream and cake was also served, and on the whole, a very enjoyable time was experienced by all. Much credit is due to the Post for the excellent manner in which the programme of the day was carried out, far eclipsing anything of the kind ever before witnessed in Meredith.

NOTES.

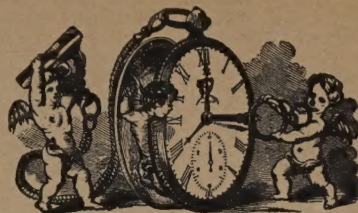
Chief Marshal of the day, Francis H. Cram. Band marshal, B. B. Rollins. Marshal of Wamesit Engine Co., foreman Frank L. Hartshorn.

The Republican Campaign Flag was badly torn by the storm.

Many of our citizens decorated their residences and places of business with flags tastefully trimmed with crape, etc.

A large number from this and adjoining

P. A. ELLSWORTH,



WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Goods
Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING A SPECIALTY.

Having purchased the entire stock of goods of J. R. Quimby, I am prepared to do all work in the above line in a neat and workmanlike manner. Goods at the lowest prices and warranted as represented in every particular. Call and see me.

J. S. WADLEIGH,

MERCHANT



TAILOR

AND DEALER IN

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

We have just received a large stock of Woolen Suitings, direct from the manufacturers, which we shall sell at a very low figure.

Particular attention given to cutting and making Ladies' Cloaks and Ulsters.

Call and see me.

Wiggin's Block,

Meredith, N. H.

Dress Goods and Trimmings.

I would announce to the Ladies of Meredith and vicinity, that I am prepared to show samples of the latest styles of Dress Goods and Trimmings in connection with my Dress-making Department, at satisfactory prices. Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,

Emma L. Woodman.

CALL AT

T. S. MOSES,

—FOR THE—

OIL STOVES

With heavy Flint Glass Oil Tanks, warranted to work well and not to leak, as most tanks are liable to.

T. S. MOSES.

BICKFORD & ROBERTS,

Dealers in

MARKET.

•MEREDITH+AND+VICINITY•

Thursday, June 2, 1881.

CHURCHES.

Congregational.—Services at 11 A. M., and 5:30 P. M., Sundays; Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Rev. G. I. Bard, Pastor.

Baptist.—Services at 11 A. M., and 5:30 P. M., Sundays; Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Rev. James Graham, Pastor.

Freewill Baptist.—Services at 11 A. M., and 5:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Rev. N. S. Palmeter, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

 **Chocorua Lodge, No. 83, F. & A. M.**
Date of meetings for 1881:—Jan. 12, Feb. 9, Mar. 9, April 13, May 11, June 8, July 6, Aug. 3, Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 2 and 30. Charles D. Meloon, W. M., George W. Cilley, Sec.

 **Belknap Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F.**
Meetings every Monday evening. B. R. Dearborn, N. G., F. P. Carey, S.

 **Geo. S. Cram Post, G. A. R., No. 54.**
Meetings every Friday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.
Capt. J. W. LANG, Jr., Com
mander.
C. C. Whittier, Adjutant.

Waukegan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. G. T.
Meetings every Tuesday evening.
Blue Ribbon Club.
Meetings every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.
James H. Plaisted, Pres't.

B. C. & M. R. R.
Trains leave Meredith Village, as follows:
Downward.—3:40, 8:15 A. M., 1:57, 6:05 P. M.
Upward.—6:50 A. M., 12:27, 2:40, 4:45, 11:01 P. M.
J. A. Dodge, Gen'l Manager

Meredith Centre Mail
Leaves Meredith Centre each day (Sundays excepted), at 11 A. M.
Returning, leave Meredith Village at 1 P. M.
JOHN L. GLIDDEN

Notice the change in E. H. Maloon & Co's "ad" in another column.

Frank Canney is about to make repairs about his buildings.

When are we to have some of those open air concerts by the Band?

Dr. Geo. S. Bartlett, formerly in the Drug business in this place, is in town.

Edward H. Hall, of Portsmouth, who for a few years resided with the family of Judge Rollins, has been in town the past week. He is now teller in the National Bank in Portsmouth,

Mr. Samuel Boynton offers his residence on Water street for sale at a bargain. This place is finely located near the business portion of the village, and in an excellent neighborhood. See "ad."

One of the teams belonging to the livery stock of Edwin Cox, met with a serious accident in the hands of a party to whom it was let the first of the week. The carriage and harness were badly demolished, and one of the occupants of the carriage was slightly injured.

John Smith Jr., wife and daughter, and David J. Blake of Somerville Mass., Geo. S. Smith and Geo. N. Bixby of Haverhill Mass., Mrs. Nellie Horn of Dover and Elmer A. Peavey of Boston, all natives of the good old town of Meredith, were in town on Memorial Day.

The wife of Hon. E. A. Rollins, formerly International Revenue Commissioner, and now president of the National Bank in Philadelphia, and a relative of Judge Rollins of this place, died in Philadelphia on Sunday last, and was buried at Great Falls on Tuesday. She was a daughter of the late J. H. Hobbs of Ossipee, and sister of Frank Hobbs Esq. of Dover. She was a lady of fine literary taste, two of her works having just been published in book form.

We have received a very pleasant call from Mr. H. Price Webber, the popular agent of the Boston Comedy Co., who were so well received in this place last year. The Company is enlarged this season and enjoys crowded houses and the admiration of the public wherever they play. Next Monday evening they will open the four nights of their stay

BUY

SOLUBLE POCIFICE GUANO,

The most POPULAR FERTILIZER in use,

For Corn, Potatoes, Wheat, Rye, Oats, and every kind of Vegetable; also for top-dressing for grass land. For sale by

DANIEL NORRIS.

Meredith, May 5, 1881.

Spavin & Ringbones

Cured without blistering. After 20 years private use I now offer this Spavin and Ringbone Liniment to the public; it is put up in pint bottles, and when used according to directions, I warrant a cure when not more than six months standing or money refunded. I have cured when standing one year.

All communications directed to

D. M. BLACK,

Meredith, N. H.

For Sale.

At the Waukegan House, second-hand Chamber Sets, nearly as good as new, Mattresses, all in good condition, one large Tent and one good Sail Boat. Will be sold at a bargain.

W. E. S. FOSS.

AUCTION.

Will be sold at public auction at my house in Meredith, N. H., on the 25th day of June, 1881, at ten o'clock A. M., the following described property, viz: One brown colt four years old, to satisfy my claim on same for boarding and keeping. Dated at Meredith, N. H., this 26th day of May, 1881.

C. W. NEAL.

LOST!

A Gents' Bosom Pin. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

Cane Seat Chairs Reseated and Repaired.

Apply to Mrs. L. K. ROBY.

O. S. PIPER, CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,

Estimates on all kinds of work in my line furnished on application.

Meredith, N. H.

D. HENRY CLARK,

Agent for

La Dow's Jointed

PULVERIZING HARROW.

Ground can be thoroughly pulverized to the depth of six inches without the use of a plow, thus putting it in fine condition for grain, etc.

Meredith, N. H.

DESIRABLE

FARM FOR SALE!

Situated in New Hampton, known as the Old Fogg Tavern Stand, five minutes walk from the Depot, 200 acres of land, well divided into tillage, pasturing and wood land, never failing water, good farm buildings; the house two stories with all in good repair, suitable for Summer boarders. It has wintered 90 head of cattle and two horses this Winter. The tillage is smooth to run a mowing machine. Four miles from Meredith Village, five miles from Ashland. Cattle get out to pasture from the 15th to the 20th of April. Anyone wishing to purchase can have credit on one third with good security, and take possession before or after planting. It will be sold very cheap as the owner is left alone and does not feel able to take charge. The purchaser can have all of the stock, or part, or not any; also farming tools very cheap. Nice fruit of the best quality. Any information in regard to the fruit can be had of J. W. Beede. For further information apply to the owner.

ERRA W. DOS,

Meredith Village, N. H.

Box 143,

WANTED! WANTED!

→\$500,000 CUSTOMERS←

To call and see how low I can sell first grades of



USELESS INVENTIONS.

Every woman must be struck by the absurdity and inadequacy of many of the things men have invented to increase our conveniences. The inventor is brilliant and bold, but he lacks a nice discernment. The other day we had a much praised chair sent in. It is of the rocking variety, with double cane seat and back, sound and strong, of that lovely old dark woods, walnut. All these were common qualities, however, and not calculated to drive its predecessors in cretine or raw-silk to sulk in neglect, had it not been armed with a leaf-attachment to fold down or spread out at the sitter's pleasure. Far be it from me to scorn that motherly chair, but the leaf-attachment is a delusion. It lets everything slide back and go overboard. Put your work-basket on the leaf, and rock ever so gently, instantly spoils, needles, and scissors walk the plank and become flotsam. No human being wants to read with a book laid at such an angle; yet supporting a book was one of the leaf attachment's recommendations. Neither can the sifter use it as a writing-table, unless he wishes to court curvature of the spine. Now, what is that leaf good for, except to make folks who haven't got one envious? That is a consideration, but hardly a sufficient one.

Another male blunder is the parlor blacking-box, an upholstered commode or hassock, with a hinged lid, drawer for blacking and brushes, and iron stand for the foot. Who wants a parlor blacking-box? I think I see a man opening a parlor-box before the armless Venus or one of Lerpiniere's lovely plates, and shining 'em up, while the black flecks fly around!

Then there is the cabinet or bookcase folding-bed, the very model of convenience,—“saves one room,” etc. Does any one want to sleep on a confined-up mattress which stands on its gaiter heels all day, and then to be something else? The purchase of a folding-bed is a fraud, at five dollars

MEDICAL HINTS.

If a child has a bad earache, dip a plug of cotton wool in oil, warm it and place it in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out of draughts.

The following is said to be a cure for hoarseness: A piece of flannel, dipped in brandy and applied to the chest, and covered with a dry flannel, is to be worn at night. Four or six small onions boiled and put on buttered toast and eaten for supper are likewise good for a cold in the chest.

To cure corns, take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and leave two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

Each inhalation of pure air is returned loaded with poison; 150 grains of it added to the atmosphere of a bedroom every hour, or 1,200 grains during the night. Unless the poison-laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of air passing through the rooms, the blood becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, causing frightful dreams.

To cure ingrowing toe nails, one authority says: Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, heat it until it becomes very hot, and pour on the granulations. Pain and tenderness are relieved at once, and in a few days the granulations are all gone, the diseased parts dry and grow destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

An Italian writer on the recent catastrophe on the island of Ischia mentions

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

A SUNDAY SCENE IN NEW YORK.

“Come over and hear the Gospel! Come over and hear the Gospel!” shouted Dr. John W. Kennion hoarsely at the top of his lungs from the south side of Roosevelt street to the incoming passengers on a Williamsburgh ferryboat, nearly a block away. Some of the passengers obeyed the summons and skirted about a crowd of a hundred men, women, and children in arms, in whose midst Dr. Kennion stood at the southeast side of the open space at the Roosevelt-street ferry. A few minutes before Dr. Kennion had arrived from Brooklyn by the same ferry, followed by two men carrying between them a parlor cabinet organ. They had also two platforms, one for the organ and the other for the speakers. Dr. Kennion was joined by a gentleman in a sombrero, who sat down at the organ, and a tall, handsome young man who held a roll of music under his arm and leaned on a corner of the organ. The gentleman at the organ was engaged to “make the welkin ring.” The other gentleman was described in the cards of invitation to the meeting in these words: “Our choir is composed of expert soloists. Our speakers,” continued the same card, “are pious and talented laymen and learned doctors of law and divinity. We have everything of the best quality for the neglected masses.”

At the first notes of the organ Dr. Kennion's audience increased in the infant department. Across the way a man offered “three shots for five cents,” with an air gun, “and a cigar every time you hit the bull's-eye.” But his influence as a counter attraction was hardly noticed. As successive ferryboats arrived, passengers loitered a moment on the outskirts of Dr. Kennion's audience, and then hurried on.

A programme, printed on pink paper, was then distributed. Its first number

“Bully boy!” shouted a sailor in the crowd.

“During the winter,” the speaker went on undaunted, “I furnished bread and coffee—”

“With sugar in it,” said the voice.

“Bread and coffee gratuitously, for I know that it isn't any use for a man whose appetite is satisfied to talk salvation to a man who is hungry. Then I got this organ, and so I am looking out for all kinds of bait to catch men.”

After the speaking and some more singing, a vehicle much resembling a chemical fire extinguisher on wheels, was drawn up to the place. From this coffee was served in mugs to the men and women and boys, and rolls were passed around. This part of the entertainment was eagerly participated in, and there was something of a scramble about the coffee tank. The coffee and bread have been a feature of Dr. Kennion's street meetings during the winter past.

MODERN GREEKS

Merrill Edwards Gates has an article in *Harper's Magazine* on Athens and the Greeks of to-day. He gives a graphic description of a native of Athens, as follows: Spare, nervous, thin of face, restless-eyed, quick and energetic of speech is the modern Athenian. The groups of men who seat themselves toward evening at the little tables which fill the streets before the principal cafes, as they talk politics over their little cups of black coffee or their glasses of water and wine, gesticulate with that energy of action in conversation which marks the passionate son of the South. Often the Athenian carries in his hand a string of beads, not for religious purposes, but that he may relieve himself of excessive electricity by shifting them through his fingers when he haggains and talks—a safety-valve and a reassuring process akin to the book's whittling. He is keenly

FUNNY THINGS.

Why are ministers bad mathematicians?—Because they make the result of joining one and one, one.

Young lady, examining some bridal veils: "Can you really recommend this one?" Over-zealous shopman: "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

Little girl, eight years old, addressing her mother—"Mamma, what does and-so-forth and-so-on mean?" Little girl of five—"It means when anybody can't think of any more words to say."

Pictures in words are common enough, but words in pictures are a new thing in their way. In London, folks send illustrated cards of significant designs to those who have borrowed their books and umbrellas too long.

A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly round the handsomely-furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed inquiringly: "Oh, grandmamma, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"

"I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing a manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed, no long-haired poet should distance him; and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste basket.

A gentleman was once presented to a Turkish sultan, and found it a decided nuisance to have to say "your highness" and "your majesty" at almost every sentence. The sultan noticed his embarrassment, and, divining the cause, said kindly, "You may call me 'King of Kings'; it is less formal."

A cockney at a hotel in New York asked if there were oysters in the hotel. "Oh, yes!" was the answer. "Step right into the restaurant. We don't keep them in the office." "I think you misunderstand me," said the cockney; "I mean a 'oister'—don't you know, a lift?"

CARE.

I.

As lone I walk the cold, bleak street,
Or jostle through the hurrying crowd,
I feel the chill of icy wands
In traffic's cold, un pitying hands,
And stumble on with slipping feet
And weary brain through storm and cloud

II.

As snug I sit in the old arm-chair.
Close by the fireside bright and warm,
And feel the touch of a slender hand,
And note the glee of a merry band,
I soon forget the world of care,
Nor longer heed the voice of storm.

—D. L. Miliken.

ELECTRIC TRICK.

At a noted game club this little trick was introduced by the writer to show how easily the keenest intellect can be puzzled when off their guard. Three substances are first chosen with great care—one animal, one mineral, one vegetable. After each has been subjected to the closest examination to discover that but one kingdom is represented in its composition, they are laid side by side, the mineral toward the north, after some pains have been taken to discover the points of the compass as nearly as possible. The attention of the company is then called to the subject of electricity in the human body, and after each has spoken of his powers in that direction, such as the common ones of lighting the gas with the finger, or by giving shocks or causing sparks after rubbing the feet on a thick carpet, etc., the operator says, "I am about to try a simple experiment of this kind, and to judge which of these three substances was touched by any one gifted with magnetic power." He then closes his eyes, while some one touches one of the substances, and then he remarks, "I am perfectly willing to let you do this for yourselves if you are able; just rub your finger very hard on the carpet, and judge by a faint tingling sensation which of these three articles was last touched." After some hesita-

A tree that gives and cures the headache. Its name alone, "Orcadaphne Californica," is almost enough to give one the headache; but if you rub its leaves on your hands and face a short time you will get a headache, and if your head aches rub it on your hands and face and it will drive it away. This obliging tree is an evergreen, with a strong, spicy smell, and I am told that it is found in California.—*Floral Monthly.*

CLOUGH'S ADJUSTABLE



Sieve!

For Cleaning Grain of all Foul Seeds, thereby getting the more healthy kernels for sowing; also for cleaning and sorting Beans, Peas, etc.

A. S. CLOUGH, Manufacturer.

Meredith Village, N. H., April 21, 1881.
I observed, while threshing grain last fall, that where men had used Clough's Adjustable Sieve to screen their seed, the crop was nearly one-third larger than where it had not been so screened; the kernels were larger, the straw was heavier, and the crop was better every way.

GEORGE A. TATE.

NURSING MOTHERS

AND THEIR

INFANTS

WEAR THE

Boston Battery!

There is no other battery in existence that will quiet the infant when it is teething. It soothes the nerves, and both mother and child enjoy sweet repose.

MORRIS & IRELAND'S SAFES.

JUST OUT!

MORRIS & IRELAND'S

New Improved Eight-Flange

FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

THE ONLY EIGHT-FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD.

And Containing Our

PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK,
PATENT HINGED CAP,
FOUR-WHEELED LOCKS,
INSIDE IRON LININGS,
AND SOLID IRON CORNERS.

Latest from Maine.

Lock's Mills, Oxford Co., Me.

Messrs. Morris & Ireland:
Gents:—On the 22d of November, 1879, our spool mill at this place, 60x80, two stories high, was totally consumed by fire, in which there was a large quantity of spool lumber, spools and blocks, all seasoned. The fire burned for 3 1-2 days. We had one of your safes in our mill and Tuesday morning following, eighty-four hours after the fire, it was too hot to handle, being covered with burning blocks. Some time after it was opened and the contents were in a good state of preservation, NOT A BOOK OR PAPER BEING DESTROYED. I am satisfied with your safes and have purchased another, and can cheerfully recommend them to any one wishing to secure their valuables from being destroyed by fire.

Yours truly, I. G. TEBITS.

Tremendous Test.

ROASTING THIRTY HOURS IN A BED OF RED-HOT COALS.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1881.

Morris & Ireland, Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen:—On the night of the fire in our village, on 26th ult., I had in use one of your No. 5 Safes. I am pleased to inform you, after the floor gave way it fell into the cellar, into a heap of burning coal, where it roasted for 30 hours. Our citizens and myself gave

WIFE TO HUSBAND.

When I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days we
had,

What happy days beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire in careless ease,
Reading the rhyms of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly
space,

And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her
truth,

Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where cold and
still

I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that by-gone bliss:
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side;
My presence should not chill thy fair young
bride;

Only bethink thee how alone I lie:
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair how'er she be.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

Nicely Caught.

I had been ashore on liberty at Valparaíso. Our ship, the *Endymion*, of Nantucket, was nearly filled with spermaceti oil, and, as the crew had in prospect a good return at the end of the voyage, there was no fear of desertion.

The moon was up, and as I was walking leisurely on the margin of wooded valleys back of the town, indulging in reveries.

At length I began to fancy I was not alone. It appeared to me I could perceive a dark body—which might be man or animal—moving stealthily among the trees and underwood at some distance

took in our discourse. As we walked along toward the lights in the shops of Valparaíso, he became lost in his reflections. At last he seemed to remember that he was not alone, and, turning briskly toward me, he said:—

"I take some interest in that ship of yours. When do you sail."

I confessed my ignorance, but told the young man that it was not probable we should stay long, as port expenses were heavy, and the owners of whaleships were stingy fellows.

He turned again towards me, surveyed me closely, and I thought there was a queer smile on his visage.

"You think so, do you?" said he at last.

"I have always heard so."
"Well, I've not time to investigate the matter, as I turn off here by the calaboose. Good-night."

We parted.

A few days after this event the captain of our ship brought on board a couple of men whom he had shipped for the remainder of the voyage. One of them wore a neat blue jacket and pants, the other looked as if he had slept, with his clothes on, among the shavings and sawdust of a carpenter's shop, or he might have been hidden in an oven like Catherine Alexowna before she became empress of Russia.

As the plight of the latter was what might reasonably have been expected, I took no further notice of him than to perceive that he had a very large and crooked nose; but the spruce appearance of the former led to the suspicion that he was some officer of a merchantman who had quarreled with his captain and deserted. Our mates seemed to be of that opinion, for they eyed him closely and for several days treated him with more respect than is generally shown to a common sailor.

But after we had put out to sea an event occurred which shook their faith in his respectability. In the morning watch, just after daylight, a raft was discovered to leeward with some live object on it. The captain was called, and after

mast, apart from the rest of the watch and conversed together in a low tone. The mate got as near to them as he could without being observed, but he caught only the words,—

"Remember this must be a dead secret between you and me."

It was but a year before that the terrible mutiny on board the ship *Globe* had taken place, and when the mate heard the words which I have quoted he passed softly down into the cabin and told the captain what he had overheard.

"That man Johnson? Are you not mistaken?" demanded the captain, "Why Johnson seems quite a gentleman. Must have been somebody else."

"Yes sir, but what secret should anybody have with that Mauley, of whom all the crew keep clear, even in broad daylight? Whispering with him in the dark. Baldwin swears that the fellow's a murderer sir."

"I'll have no plotting and whispering in the dark on board my ship," cried the captain, suddenly and unaccountably breaking into a towering passion. "Now I remember that this Johnson has shown a rebellious temper when Mr Pease has ordered him to scrape topmasts or slush them down, or tar rigging; but I thought it was because he'd never been used to dirty work."

"If we don't look out he'll be engaged in dirtier work than that," said the mate.

"Cutting our throats, eh?"

"It's unaccountable, sir, this plotting and having secrets with that Mauley; it is so much like the way Smith says the mutiny began aboard the *Globe*."

"That's true," answered the captain; "I've a great mind to put them both in irons."

"Maybe we'd better wait and see, and I'll keep a sharp lookout on both of them meanwhile," returned the mate.

The captain was silent, but he shook his head in a threatening way, and the mate went on deck to stand out the re-

contemptuously at the captain's boiling wrath.

"Have you not heard," said the captain to Johnson "that only a few months before you came on board I tried a hand up in the rigging and gave him two dozen lashes for only looking at me as you are doing now?"

"Never heard of it until now," answered Johnson, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "It is a very useful piece of information."

"The man's a fool," said the captain, turning away. "Mr. Russell, put him in irons and feed him on bread and water for the present."

Johnson submitted quietly to be handcuffed, and was fed on hard bread and water for several days, by which time we approached Cape Horn, and his services were needed in working the ship. He was set at liberty. His orderly conduct puzzled the officers, who began to be curious about his antecedents. He told them that he fell down from Jupiter at the same time with the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians.

"He's crazy," said the mates to each other.

Soon after I hinted to him that I believed he was the same man whom I had seen one evening, in a far different rig, among the hills, in the rear of Valparaíso.

"What if you did? You don't know my name, I suppose?" demanded he, rather impatiently.

Nothing important occurred after we doubled the cape until we reached the equinoctial line, when our captain knocked the cook down with a handspike for some offense.

"Capt. Bunker, you'll be sorry for that," remarked Johnson, who was standing near by at the time.

"I'll serve you in the same way, you mutinous rascal!" cried the captain, with flashing eyes.

But he didn't. He ordered the mates to put Johnson in irons again, and to diet him as before.

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CENTRAL FALLS, R. I., October 19, 1877.

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I am, dear sir, gratefully yours,

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SOUTH BERWICK, Me. Jan. 17, 1871.

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THOMAS S. MOORE.

Overseer of card room, Portsmouth Co's mill.

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There was a young lady quite fair,
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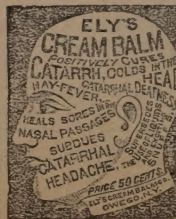


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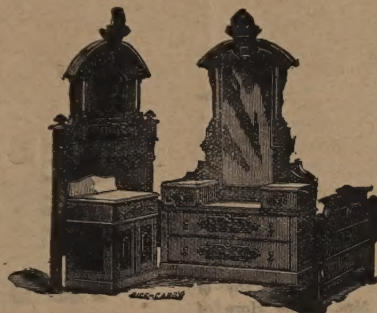
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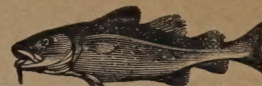
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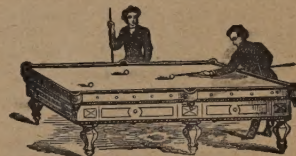
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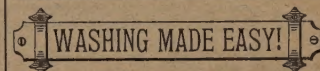


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